Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

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AN INVITATION.

See then—the clouds are broken. Even now
The woodland ways are greening, and new hope
Perched on each lifting blade, fills all the air
With voiceless murmurs, speaking to the soul.

Come, O sad hearts—a little turn away,
A little from life's killing care be tempted.
It is not far to heaven when spring is near;
Elysium, now, is just outside the city,
And paradise awaits you in the fields.
Come while you may, for life is not forever.

A little only, and then comes the end.
And will ye toil on, making mock of life,
Stifling the hungering spirit's cry within you,
Scorning to rest—until unhindered death
Makes bold to lay you even with the clay?
Then shall the sod bloom, and ye will not know;
The branch shall blossom, but ye will not see;
The soft winds woo—but ye shall rise no more!

Come then; O turn today!—a little turn
From toil and care, while yet the heart hath feeling;
Turn to the woodlands and the springing fields.
The spicewood buds; the robin hath returned.
Believe me, O believe me! nothing stays
Of all we gather at the spirit's cost.
Gold for the sake of gold—alas! the days
Spent in such seeking are so much life lost.
—Robert Burns Wilson in The Critic.

THE CAPUCHIN BROTHERS.

Their Queer Ornaments Made of Human Bones—Skeleton of a Dead Brother.

The Capuchin brother, attired in his long habit of coarse brown frieze, his waist encircled by a hempen rope, his stockingless feet bound in sandals, his untrimmed beard and shorn head bare, except for a diminutive scull cap, is a familiar sight on the streets in Rome, which he patiently traverses, carrying an earthen pitcher as a receptacle, while he begs alms from house to house.

There is a peculiarly stolid expression on the faces of these men, as though everything human, or, at all events, everything bordering on the highest attributes of humanity, had been stamped out of their nature, leaving a mere machine—an unwashed one at that.

The Church of the Fraternity is in the piazza of the same name, in the immediate vicinity of the Piazza Barberini. It was founded by Cardinal Barberini, brother of Pope Urban VIII, in 1624—same cardinal who was the friend of Milton when he visited the Eternal City in 1638. The church contains the tomb of the founder and many remarkable treasures of art, including the magnificent painting by Guido, representing Michael the Archangel trampling the devil—the latter a portrait of Pope Innocent X, for whom the painter seems to have had an inveterate hatred.

Passing through the church a few steps to the right will lead you to as ghastly and at the same time as grotesquely horrible a spectacle as the most morbid searcher after flesh creeping experiences can possibly desire. A series of four connected small apartments, the floors of which are made of earth, said to have been carried from Jerusalem, contain the horrors I speak of. The wall and ceiling are liberally decorated with ornamental devices constructed by cunning workmen out of human bones. The bones of the vertebra, wrists and ankles are arranged so as to describe circles and curves. These figures are interspersed here and there with skulls, femurs and humerus, tibias, fibulas, ulnas and radius.

The same horrid ornaments are arranged around the person of a deceased brother, who appears suspended against the middle of a wall, incased in the coarse brown cloth, the garment he lived, died and was buried in. The dried skin clinging to the face of the skeleton grins in horrible mockery as the living brother, his former companion in the flesh, conducts you around this decorated charnel house. He looks as though he chuckled over the fact of having been released from the grave below to give place to a brother more recently defunct, for it is the rule of the fraternity—who are compelled to make a small burial ground meet the requirements of the order—when a death takes place to dig up the longest interred to make room for his successor.

There is a quality in the earth employed that has the effect of preventing decay of the body, drying it up in mummy fashion, and preserving the hair, presenting a far more horrible effect than if bleached bones were presented to view.

There is a weird uncanniness about this strange mixture of the living and dead, the latter divested of solemnity by environment of ornamental osteology, while the air of the survivor seems toned down to an unnatural sepulchralness—a sort of half way condition between life and the tomb.—Rome Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Man Who Stayed Dead.

Just beyond Crosby hall, passing under an arch, we found Great St. Helen's, one of the oldest churches in London, and were well repaid for our trouble. It is simply a square divided into two aisles by massive pillars; its floor an ancient pavement of stones, a part of which are gravestones. Having been in very early times connected with a nunnery, the stairs leading to the dormitories lead directly into the church, and at one side stone gratings are shown where the nuns came to listen to the service. There are many curious ancient tombs here, one being a very large square edifice, standing out into and about filling one aisle at that point. Being very peculiar, we questioned its meaning, and were told that it was built by a Mr. Francis Bancroft for himself; that his coffin was to be put there with the lid so that he could lift it, as he had a great horror of coming to life after burial. He also had a key to the tomb and one to the church left there, and a vessel of water, and he left money to certain men to visit the tomb once a year. But as our guide said: "He is only a dry skeleton now, and has not been visited for fifty years."—London Cor. Boston Traveler.

Migration to Siberia.

An immense migration movement is proceeding in Central Russia. Peasants and farmers are going in large numbers to Western Siberia, where free pasture and arable lands abound. The movement threatens to result in a serious agricultural crisis.—Frank Leslie's.

To Revenge Himself.

Dr. Frank Boas, in a report on the Indian tribes of British Columbia, says that the principal figure in the mythology of several of them is a raven, who created all things, not for the benefit of mankind, but to "revenge himself."—Boston Herald.

HOW A DOG FOLLOWS TRAIL.

Interesting and Novel Experiments by a Scientific Investigator.

Dr. G. J. Romanes, by his careful observations and happy generalizations, has made himself the representative of the growing science of comparative psychology. Dr. Romanes has made an important study on the method by which his dog follows the scent of the master. The observations were made on Dr. Romanes' setter bitch, an animal very much attached to him. They were made on the grounds adjoining his house, and a number of precautions not easily described were taken.

When Dr. Romanes walks over the ground with his hunting boots on, the dog follows the scent with the greatest readiness. If she is put to the track of a stranger she pays no attention to it. The dog was led into the room when preparations were going on for an outing, but instead of Dr. Romanes going out, the gamekeeper (whose scent she follows next after that of Dr. Romanes) went; when set free the animal at first followed the track, but finding that her master was not with the gamekeeper, returned.

The next experiment was a very ingenious one: Twelve men walked in Indian file, so that they all trod the same footsteps, thus producing a conglomerate of olfactory impressions. Dr. Romanes headed the company, so that the traces of his steps should be most obliterated; and, after walking thus 200 yards, the first six men walked in one direction, the last six in another. The dog quickly ran along the route followed by the twelve, overshot the point of division, but soon returned and followed the direction taken by the six headed by Dr. Romanes.

A number of experiments were made to ascertain what part of Dr. Romanes' person or of his apparel gave the clew to the animal. It was suspected to be the hunting boots, and this proved correct. A stranger put on these boots, and the dog eagerly followed the scent; and, contrariwise, when Dr. Romanes put on the stranger's boots the animal was indifferent to his track. Further experiments were made to locate the source of the scent in the boots. The dog did not follow the scent of a stranger walking in bare feet. When Dr. Romanes walked in bare feet the dog followed the trace, but less eagerly than usual, and with much hesitation. Again, the animal did not follow Dr. Romanes when he put on new shooting boots. Next a single sheet of brown paper was glued to the soles of his usual hunting boots. The dog did not catch the trail until he came to a place where, as Dr. Romanes had previously noted, a few square millimetres of the paper had come off. When her master walked in new cotton socks, the trail was lazily followed, and soon given up. With woolen socks worn all day the result was the same.

Dr. Romanes next walked fifty yards in shooting boots; then 300 yards in his stocking soles, carrying his boots; then 380 in his bare feet. The animal caught the scent and followed it unhesitatingly through the whole distance, though the trace left by stockings or bare feet alone was not sufficient to guide the animal. The next was a modification of the last. Dr. Romanes and a stranger entered a carriage and drove for several hundred yards. The former, in his hunting boots, then alighted and walked fifty yards, whereupon he re-entered the carriage, and the stranger walked the next 200 yards; the dog, when shown the track, ran the whole 250 yards without pausing. The experiment was repeated with another stranger with the same result. To test the power which the dog had of selecting the distinctive odor accompanying her master from other odors, Dr. Romanes soaked his hunting boots in aniseseed oil. The odor was so strong that a friend could follow the track an hour later by the odor of the oil; yet the dog was not confused except that she hesitated about the first few steps, but then pursued as usual.

The next test was directed toward ascertaining whether the animal could distinguish her master by odors emanating from other portions of his person. Dr. Romanes, after pursuing a zigzag course just trodden over by a number of footsteps, hid behind a wall, with his eyes just visible. The animal went at once to the hiding place. Again, he hid in a ditch, with only the top of his head visible. At 200 yards the dog detected her master, and went to him directly.

From these tests Dr. Romanes concludes that the dog distinguishes him from all others by the odor of his boots, and does not distinguish him in his naked feet. The odor is probably emitted by the feet, but must be mixed with that of shoe leather to be of service to the dog. This is doubtless a matter of education; had the dog been used to following her master when without shoes, the animal would have learned to follow him thus. The characteristic odor cannot penetrate a sheet of brown paper, but a few square millimeters of surface is sufficient to give the dog the clew. The animal is ready to be guided by inference as well as by perception, but the inference is instantaneous. Lastly, not only the feet (through the boots), but the whole body, emits an odor that the dog can distinguish in a mass of others. This odor is recognized at great distances to windward, or in calm weather in any direction; it is not overpowered by aniseseed oil or by the footprints of another.—Science.

Why Scouts Wear Long Hair.

I know that a great many good men have a decided prejudice against long haired men, such as Cody, Carver and myself, but few know that there is a method in this seeming madness of the western scout. Among the Sioux Indians, Custer was respected and feared as was no other man, and he wore his blonde curls far down his back. The Sioux Indian has the hair from the side of his head cut off short, but that on the scalp he allows to grow long, and hang down in three braids. It is his defiance to his enemy. It says here is my scalp, with a convenient handle to it, come and take it if you can. A short haired man is looked upon as a coward. The Indian is readily impressed with display, and I have no doubt that my long hair and my fringed buckskin and bead trimmed scout's uniform has often saved my life. —Capt. Jack Crawford, ex-United States scout, in Globe-Democrat.

It is claimed that the telephone was invented in 1685.

Cigarette Smoking.

It is perfectly well known to physicians that excessive cigarette smoking does do a great deal of harm, and that a man may die from carrying the practice to an excess. In the first place, people who smoke cigarettes do more smoking than those who use cigars and pipes. If a man is going to leave his office to run across the street for a minute, or is walking to take a horse car, he will not light a cigar; he knows it must be thrown away immediately, and a sense of economy restrains him. But if he is in the habit of rolling cigarettes, he may take a whiff at any time, and is pretty sure to be always doing it. The result is that where a non-smoker has the benefit of some fresh air in the lungs whenever he is out of doors, the cigarette smoker takes in air charged with nicotine.

Smokers of cigars and pipes do not, as a rule, inhale smoke, but cigarette smokers do. Why this should be, it is difficult to say, but it is an acknowledged fact that it is so. It is thus easy to see why the results of cigarette smoking should be so baneful. The air in reaching the lungs and the blood goes through the windpipe and the bronchial tubes. Between the windpipe and the lungs the bronchial tubes keep dividing into two. This incessant subdivision reduces them ultimately to great fineness. In the lungs they are scarcely wider than a hair. At the end of each bronchial tube there is what is called a pneumonic globule. It is in this globule that the air and blood meet; it is here that the blood becomes "aerated," or oxygenized. In the case of men who inhale the smoke of cigarettes, these globules, instead of receiving fresh air, receive air charged with nicotine. In order to know the extent to which the lungs receive the poisoned air it is only necessary to remember that the area of these pneumonic globules is some 1,200 square feet.

There is a popular notion that the paper wrappings of cigarettes do the mischief. The paper perhaps does burn the mouth. The wrappers of some Turkish cigarettes are impregnated with opium, and these, of course, do harm; but that is not the fault of the cigarette. The trouble with cigarettes is that people will smoke cigarettes at times when they will not smoke cigars, and that cigarette smokers thus use more tobacco than other people, and that cigarette smokers inhale tobacco and take into the lungs air charged with nicotine.—New York Times.

The Indian "Medicine Man."

The so called "Indian doctor," who penetrates our cities and towns, or perambulates the villages and rural districts, preying upon the superstitions of civilization, if really a red man, is never a true sham or "medicine man," but some knave, who has profited by association with the whites, taking a leaf from the book of the pale faced charlatan. By assumed stoicism, dignity, imperturbability and brevity of speech, the reasons for which last are obvious, along with glances replete with concentrated wisdom, he has little difficulty in securing dupes and following.

The true sham, or "medicine man," is little understood by civilization, since he exhibits a phase of savage life that is rarely permitted to come under casual observation. Very far from being a mere knavish varlet, conspicuous for unblushing impudence and petty chicanery as commonly depicted, he is instead a staid, earnest, shrewd, farseeing man, more than ordinarily endowed with perceptive faculties sharpened by observation and training, and accustomed to receive impressions and draw conclusions from matters so trivial as to elude general comprehension. As a rule he is honest—as the world goes—and a firm believer in the truthfulness and advantages of his calling. The deceits he practices are unavoidable, and less with a view to delude humanity than to cajole and beguile the unseen and unknown. He is a "mind reader," psychologist, mesmerist and clairvoyant in one—of no mean ability; an endowment that, though sometimes inherent, is oftener inculcated and developed through ecstasia. —G. Archie Stockwell, M. D., in Home Journal.

The Oxidation of Zinc.

The expensive outdoor use of zinc by builders at the present time has directed attention to the peculiar process of oxidation which this metal undergoes, and which is so important to be considered in all applications involving exposure. The rusted surface does not rub off or blow away, but forms a sort of hard crust or enamel upon the surface of the metal, and when laid upon boarding which is or may become damp or exposed to steam or condensation below, it rusts on both sides. The thin zincs first introduced in this way were rusted through, brittleness ensuing, and failure being the result. But if the zinc be of sufficient thickness, after a certain time oxidation ceases, and the result is a body of solid, sound metal, incased above and below by a solid coating, thoroughly impermeable to the accidents of weather or temperature, and which requires no painting. The various ways of spreading zinc consist mainly in laying it in a corrugated form without boarding, the trusses of iron or wood of the roof carrying the weight, or in rafters about one foot, more or less, apart, with a corrugation at each rafter only, or upon a general surface of boarding, in the manner of a lead flat.—Boston Budget.

Soldiers' Outfits in England and Germany.

The following comparison of soldiers' "togs" in England and Germany is interesting: In England a great coat has to last for five years, in Germany eight years; in England a helmet has to last for five years, in Germany ten; in England a soldier has three pairs of trousers in two years, while in Germany a soldier has two pairs of trousers in two years and about eight months. In England the ammunition pouches last twelve years; in Germany they are required to last thirty-six years.—Boston Transcript.

Cows and Milk.

A drove of high priced blooded cows has been secured for the territorial agricultural college, the Holsteins coming from New York and the Herefords from Chicago. A native Dakota brindle cow with large white spots on her sides, only one horn and a bad eye, has been retained to furnish milk for the institution. The professorship of milking is still vacant.—Dakota Bell.

FOREST PRESERVATION.

Serious Results Following the Destruction from "Clearing Up" and Fire.

The series of articles by Professor Shaler in Scribner's has ably presented the topic of tree preservation—a topic the American people must positively give heed to. No nation under the sun was in times of peace ever so wasteful as our own. The increasing ease of securing a supply of food has tended for some hundreds of years, if not thousands, to render human beings less economical of means and careful of methods. The older races, like the Chinese, never waste; to them everything has its use. But we have destroyed as much as we have produced. Forests that nature raised by the labor of a thousand years we have burned up in a day. Civilization has invented the phrase clearing up, which means wanton removal of all things that stand in the way of our immediate needs. Where vast stretches of oaks covered millions of acres it is difficult to find a single grove or a single tree; but how inestimable such remains are when found! It is not wholly from the utilitarian standpoint that we look, but the æsthetic. These are like their surroundings. If it be undesirable to dwell in the forest, it is still more undesirable to dwell without the companionship of trees. But as a matter of economy and physical necessity we are compelled to have sympathy for and with the vegetable world. Our destiny, in common with the whole animal kingdom, is identified with the plant kingdom. In the struggle for existence, from the outset, there has been a mutual interdependence of all living things. If we destroy the trees we injure our own progress and prospects. In the present economy of nature protoplasm, or the bais of life, can only be created by the plant kingdom; from it we receive the same at second hand. But our existence is dependent on trees and plants in many other ways, and always has been. The earliest human races were littoral, or shore dwellers. They had no tools to work their way through forests, nor weapons to cope with the denizens of the forest. But with increase of the art of making tools human beings left the shore and roamed the forests as hunters. To the hunting races the destruction of trees was the destruction of their means of existence. The North American Indian saw only starvation in the white man's unsparing ax.

Civilization has brought us into even closer relation to trees, and more intimate dependence on vegetation. The equilibrium of the air, adjusting the proportions of carbon gases for our healthy existence, depends on trees. Malaria is not caused, but prevented, by a judicious proportion of forest land. Professor Shaler takes up the case with great energy to show that the most serious result following the destruction of our forests will be the consequent loss of soil, turning vast areas into deserts. "Already a large part of many fertile regions has been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of our infinitely precious heritage of soil slips into rivers and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation." We have also to consider the immense vegetation deposit which is yearly added to the soil where forests abound. Our own culture takes from the soil, on the contrary, more than it gives. So the waste from rain is greater in tilled soils than in wooded lands. In forests the soil is ever deepening; in open lands ever decreasing. This evil we must endure, but should be careful not to aggravate. The amount of soil now swept away annually is actually clogging the large rivers, compelling them constantly to change channels. The argument of Professor Shaler is pressed to show that no man has such a right in soil that he may be wasteful of it, or use it for the disadvantage of his neighbors. Government, he holds, should interfere to prevent waste of forests.

The question of forest preservation has been more or less considered by several of the states, but, in fact, apart from the encouragement of tree planting, little has been done in a systematic manner to regulate the use or prevent the waste of trees. Our relation to the vegetable kingdom grows even more intricate, and our serious dependence more emphasized constantly, since the demands of civilization for timber and fuel increase, and must increase.

At present the greatest loss in the way of forest destruction is from fires caused by locomotives, malice or carelessness. Some of the railroads have already taken action to prevent the recurrence of the evil from locomotive sparks. The plan adopted is to clear away all timber growth for 100 feet on each side of the track. A furrow is then run along the outer edge of this space, and the whole kept mowed and clean. The loss from timber fires is not less than an average of $2,000,000 per state annually. This is wholly preventable.

The work of Professor Shaler is notable in this respect, that it makes the subject, which has been rather held to be local, to be a continental matter. He has enlarged the subject, and shown that it vitally touches the very possibility of human existence.—Globe-Democrat.

Draining the Pinsk Marshes.

An immense drainage work undertaken by the Russian government contemplates the recovery of the vast region known as the Pinsk marshes, in the southwest of Russia near the borders of Gallicia, and which hitherto has prevented communication, not only between the Russian districts on either side, but also between Russia and Austro-Germany. Up to the present time about 4,000,000 acres have been reclaimed by means of the construction of several thousand miles of ditches and canals.—New York Sun.

"Butterine" in England.

Butterine, as it is called in England, is used so extensively that the dairymen have applied to parliament for a law compelling its name to be changed from butterine to margarine. They think that they can head it off in that way.—New York Sun.

In California surplus apricots are to be made into wine. Experiment shows that they make a richly flavored wine, clear and effervescent as the best champagne.

This summer's mortality among young men is stated to be larger than for ten years past.

Secret Society.

Florence Lodge, No. 4, A. O. U. W., meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.
W. E. GUILD, M. W.
A. J. DORAN, Recorder.

Ivanhoe Legion, No. 2, S. K. of A. O. U. W., meets first and third Thursday in each month at 8 o'clock p. m.
D. C. STEVENS, C.
WM. E. GUILD, S. R.

Stage Lines.

TEXAS AND CALIFORNIA STAGE CO.
DAILY LINE OF STAGES,
Between Casa Grande and Florence. Carrying U. S. Mail and Wells, Fargo & Co's.,
—Express.—

Leaves Casa Grande,	2 a. m.
" Florence,	1 p. m.

Connecting at Florence with
GLOBE and FLORENCE STAGE LINE.
Leaves Florence Daily at 2 p. m., for
RIVERSIDE, DRIPPING SPRINGS, PIONEER and GLOBE.
—Connects at—
RIVERSIDE with Boone & Son's line for BENSON.
J. C. LOSS, Agt. Casa Grande.
W. E. GUILD, Agt. Florence.

W. M. NEAL'S LINE,
Connects at MAMMOTH with the Boone Stage from Riverside, for AMERICAN FLAG, ORACLE and TUCSON.
Leaves Mammoth Tuesday's Thursday's and Saturday's, returning alternate days.

Notice.

There will be an annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Silver King and Florence Telegraph Co., on Monday, December, 12th, 1887, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors. Transfers books close on December 1st.

WM. GUILD, Secty.